

Copy Vol. 3. pag. 345.
✱ The woeful Complaint and Lamentable Death of a *Forfaken* L O V E R.

To a pleasant New T U N E.

Down by a Forest as I did pass,
To see abroad what Sport there was
Walking close by a pleasant Spring,
The Birds in fundry Notes did sing.

Long time I wander'd here and there,
To see what Sports in Forests were ;
At last I heard one make great Moan,
Saying, from me all Joys are gone.

I gave good heed unto the same,
Thinking from whence this Eccho came :
And by no means I could devise
From whence this mournful sound did rise.

But in that Place I did remain,
Until I heard it once again :
Where presently I heard one say,
O Death, come take my Life away.

I looked down on my right Hand,
A Sort of pleasant Trees did stand :
And under them I did behold
A pleasant Place with Shadows cold.

A sumptuous Seat was in the same,
Musing from whence this Eccho came ;
Then in this Place I did perceive
A Gentleman both fine and brave.

And from that Place he did come down
Taking with him his Morning Gown :
And walking up and down that Place,
Methought a proper Man he was.

Then to himself he did lament,
Wishing to God his Days were spent ;
His Torments did encrease so sore,
His Heart was able to bear no more.

I stept into a hollow Tree,
Because I would his Passion see ;
With folded Arms looking to the Skies,
The Tears, alas ! stood in his Eyes.

And careless of his Life he seem'd,
Pity he was no more esteem'd :
Then down he lay upon the Ground,
No Ease of Sorrow could be found.

Thus he lamented in woeful Case,
Seven Years within a little Space :
Saying, while I live, I must remain,
And find no Help, to ease my Pain.

For she that should my Grievs remove,
She doth disdain to be my Love ;
And hath done so, since she did hear,
That I to her good Will did bear.

Ye Gods above, come ease my Pain,
Sith heavy Grief it doth contain ;
For while my Corps are here on Earth,
She'll shew the Causes of my Death.

And every Tree that there doth stand,
Shall be engraven with my Hand,
That they long time may Witness bear
Love was the Cause that I dy'd here.

Nature to her did so much Right,
And in as many Virtues bright :
Scorning to take the Help of Art,
As ever did embrace a Heart.

Being so good, so truly try'd,
O some for less were Deify'd ;
Full of Pity, as she may be,
And yet, perhaps, not so to me.

When first I saw her pleasant Face,
Methought a pleasant Sight it was.
Her Beauty took my Wits away,
I knew not how one Word to say.

*A Gentleman took her to Dance,
She Gallantly herself did Prance :
And kept her Steps all in due Time,
Which made me wish she had been mine.*

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R. But when I thought she had been my own,
Then was she farthest from me flown:
She gave no Ear unto my Cry,
Which makes me here in Sorrow die.

Then she was in another Mind,
Which to my Pain I often find:
Of all Hopes I am now beguil'd,
Which makes me walk the Woods so wild.

To silent Trees I make my Moan,
The Birds and Beasts do hear my Groan:
Yet she that could my Joys remove,
Disloyal Wretch to me did prove.

My Love to her was constant pure,
And to my End shall so endure;
And Love to her I hope will send
Agrieved Mind, before her End.

I have forsaken Friend and Kin,
My Days to end this Wood within:
My Pleasures past I now forsake,
And of the World my Leave I take.

Bear witness, Heaven, of my Grief,
To ease my Heart send some Relief:
Fair Maids, unto your Loves be true,
If the first be good, change not for a new.

O young Men, all be warn'd by me,
Boast not too much on Womens Beauty;
Lest that you be so fetter'd fast,
You cannot be releas'd at last.

Some Womens wiles are too much known:
In Love they're changing, stick to none:
They'll swear they love you with their Heart,
Though Tongue and Mind are both a-part.

My Love to her I did reveal,
And nothing from her did conceal:
Though at the first she seem'd so coy,
She said I was her only Joy.

And none but I her Love should be:
What need I any more to crave?
But Haggard-like, she me abus'd,
Another's taken, and I refus'd.

As he bewail'd his mournful Song,
He took his Lute which by him hung;
And on the same he sweetly play'd,
While thereupon these Words he said.

O! Death, when will that Hour come,
That I have waited for so long?
For whilst I live and languish still,
Finding no Help to ease my Ill.

Then quite he flung his Lute away;
And took his Sword which by him lay:
Thou oft hast been thy Master's Friend,
And now thou must his Torments end.

He gave true Sentence in that Place,
To end his Life in woeful Case:
The Hilt he struck into the Ground,
And gave himself a dreadful Wound.

Then unto him I ran amain,
But, Oh, alas! it was in vain:
For long before to him I came,
His Death he had upon the same.

I found his Grave was ready made,
Wherein I thought he should be laid:
And in that Place I laid him down,
And over-spread his Morning-Gown.

Over his Grave his Sword I laid,
Whereby his Death he had receiv'd:
Upon his Lute a Peal I rung,
And by the Place his Lute I hung.

Then I beheld on ev'ry Tree,
Her Name that was his only Joy:
Which long before his Face did stand,
Because she got the Upper-hand.

This Maiden that did all this Wrong,
To live a Maid thought it o'er long;
But marry'd was to such a one
As daily made her sigh and groan.

Her Coyness to her former Love
Disloyal now, doth truly prove:
Take heed, fair Maidens, for you see,
Wrongs always will revenged be.